

IMPORTANT "AIR DEFENCE" COUNCIL HELD AT THE ADMIRALTY

The Daily Mirror

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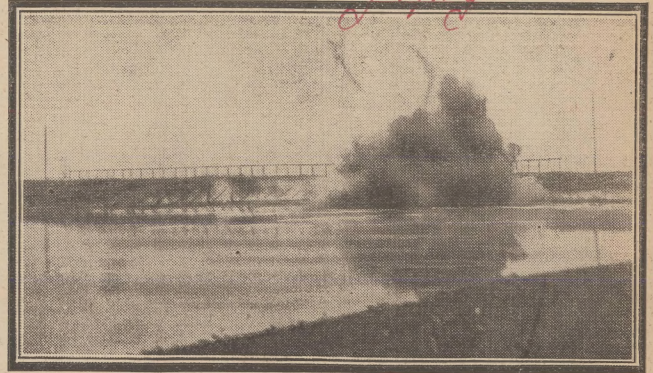
SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 12, 1916

One Halfpenny.

THE BULGARS GET A TASTE OF SEA POWER: RAILWAY BRIDGE
BLOWN UP AND LINE BOMBARDED.



Landing party from a British warship fixing the charges.



A moment later there was a big gap in the bridge.

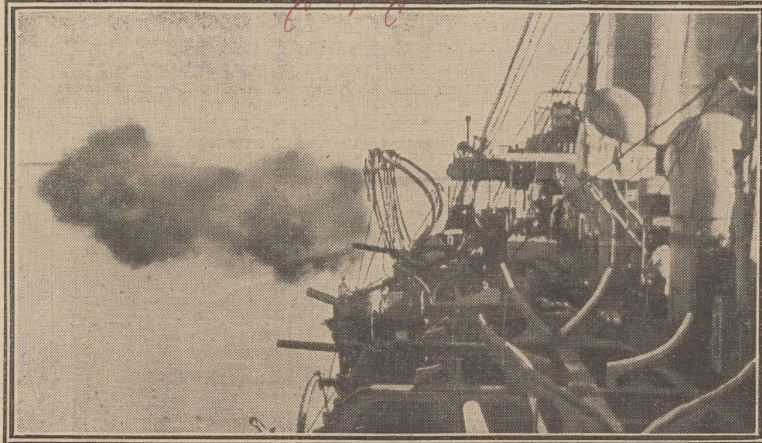


Another photograph, showing the smoke of the explosion.

BURGOMASTER MAX.



M. Max, the famous burgomaster of Brussels, who is to be released by the Huns, whom he used to defy. He has received permission to reside in Switzerland.



British warship shells the Bulgarian railway line with deadly effect.

Before the war the Bulgars probably only had a vague sort of idea what the British Navy meant. Now they are realising something of its might by, for instance, the bombardment of Dedegatch and the blowing up of this railway bridge.

MADE A PRISONER.



Miss Florence Chaplin, daughter of Mr. Henry Chaplin, M.P., who is a prisoner in the hands of the Austrians. She had been nursing in Serbia.—(Barnett.)

EMPIRE PROUD OF NEW WAR LEADER.

Mr. Bonar Law and Choice of General Smuts.

'SUGGESTION MADE HERE.'

"We all, for many reasons, would like to see the end of the war, but the end of the war can never come until the wrongs that have been done to Belgium have been righted."

Thus spoke Mr. Bonar Law, M.P., presiding yesterday at a luncheon given to M. Jules Renkin, Belgian Minister for the Colonies, by the Royal Colonial Institute at the Keyser's Hotel. An interesting innovation was made in the toast list. "The heroic King of the Belgians and the heroic people" being honoured after that of "The King."

M. Renkin said that just as for eighteen months we had been fighting side by side for the triumph of liberty and justice in the world, so likewise in peace we should continue to strive, each according to his power, to extend the domain of civilisation, the Colonies and reduce, for the betterment of the human race, the extent of land remaining uncultivated, or under the influence of barbarism.

"Never will Belgium," declared M. Renkin, "abandon the least portion of her rights—never an inch of the territories where her sovereignty was swayed. Our first demand is for the integrity and complete independence of Belgium, and consequently of her colony. It must not be in vain that such efforts have been made, so many lives sacrificed and so much heroism shown." (Cheers.)

DRIVING FOE FROM AFRICA.

Mr. Bonar Law said he thought he could derive satisfaction and pleasure from the fact that M. Renkin had made it plain that, so far as he and his Government were concerned, the spirit in which they were now undertaking the government of the Congo was the spirit which had animated us in our Colonial enterprises. Mr. Bonar Law went on to say that in Africa the Germans had nothing which they could look upon with pleasure. They had been driven from Togoland and they had practically been driven from the Cameroons.

Referring to the appointment of General Smuts to command in East Africa, Mr. Bonar Law said he thought it was evidence of the spirit which bound the different parts of the Empire, together that the choice of General Smuts as a commander—and the suggestion did not come from South Africa, but was made here—had given universal pleasure.

TRIAL OF CITY PARTNERS.

The trial opened before Mr. Justice Lowry at the Old Bailey yesterday of William Gardiner Rignold, William Foxwood Rignold, and Stanley Foxwood Rignold, indicted for trading with the enemy.

The accused, who are partners in the well-known firm of Foxwood, Rignold and Co., glove manufacturers, pleaded not guilty.

Mr. Travers Humphreys, for the prosecution, said that before the war part of the business of the New York branch had been the purchasing of German goods, as agents of the London firm, of gloves and glove material, and although the goods were sold and used in America the invoices were paid from London.

A Government accountant found ten invoices representing purchases from Germany since the outbreak of war of goods to the value of over £6,000.

It was not alleged, added counsel, that payment had been made.

The Judge: I understand the prosecution will admit that with the exception of the order for £251 odd all these matters were in fact pre-war contracts.

Mr. Hewart, K.C. (for the defence): And I think it is also admitted and it is not suggested that any of them have been paid for since the war began. The hearing was adjourned.

CHILDREN'S EGG WEEK.

A "children's egg week" on behalf of the wounded will begin on Monday week, and six little boys and six little girls have respectively provided twelve boxes to contain eggs to be contributed by other little girls and boys.

The boxes have been named after their young donors, as follow—

George.	Richard.	Gladys.
John.	Thomas.	Winifred.
William.	Mary.	Ethel.
Henry.	Dorothy.	Lila.

Other children having these names are asked to contribute and collect as many twopenny eggs as they can for the purchase of eggs.

Every child is invited to help, and is requested to write to the hon. secretary, Mr. R. J. Dartnell, 154, Fleet street, E.C.

It is estimated that 750,000 new laid eggs are wanted each week for our wounded men.

INDIANS SEE THE KING.

There was an interesting ceremony at Buckingham Palace yesterday when twenty Indian officers from the Barton Convalescent Home, who have all been wounded in the war, presented a loyal address to the King.

The King, who was accompanied by the Queen, read a reply to the address.

FASHION SPIES.

How Paris Is Waging War Against the Design Stealers.

'THIRD WAR HAS BROKEN OUT.'

"Spies are everywhere; they are stealing French designs, French workmen, French plans of campaign."

"We must conduct a violent and bitter fight against the Austro-Germans in our midst. We must stamp out the foe."

This warlike declaration was made by M. Paul Poiret at the meeting in Paris of the society of which he is president.

It does not refer to the world war now being waged; it refers to the fight of French against Austrian fashion designers.

The society is for the defence of the great French couturiers, and has caused more uproar in America than ever did the European war.

For M. Poiret and his "Syndicat" have accused the enemy of sending design-stealers via America, and have issued stringent rules to circumvent these "pseudo-neutrals," as he calls them.

No workgirl who has ever worked in a suspect firm may take employment in Paris again.

Every foreign firm must swear to use the Paris designs—or woe betide them.

Race meetings are to be swept of photographers who may, by stealth or otherwise, photograph a new French gown.

Theatrical stars who lend the prestige of their names to rival firms are "to be publicly flayed by a Press campaign." Some campaign, says America bitterly.

And now that all this has been worked up a third war has broken out—a civil war. Had the French designers have resigned and are rumored to be thinking out rival ways in which to track the agile spy. The word "flay" has shocked their sensibilities.

BOXING CARNIVAL.

Two Championships and a Match To Be Decided in the Next Fortnight.

The next fortnight will be big in the history of English boxing, for two championships and a third match as interesting as any championship will have been decided in that time.

The battle of the midges between Jimmy Wilde and Synnolds, of Plymouth, will take place on Monday at the National Sporting Club, and arrangements have been made for photographs of the contest to appear exclusively in *The Daily Mirror*.

On Monday, February 21, there will be a great khaki carnival at the Golders Green Hippodrome, where eight soldier boxers will be opposed.

Sergeant-Instructor (Bombardier) Wells will fight Pro-cost Sergeant Dick Smith for the heavy-weight championship of England, a match which would fill any house.

In addition that great Irishman—Pat O'Keefe, the middle-weight champion and holder of the Etondale Belt—will oppose a previous holder in Jim Sullivan.

Rifleman Dai Roberts, of the 1st Surrey Rifles, a comrade of O'Keefe's, who will, his friends believe, one day wear the welter-weight belt, will oppose Sergeant Zimmer, and Bombardier Wilson meets Driver Bussell in ten rounds contests. And, as it is a khaki night, soldiers have shown an extraordinary interest in the bill.

Some of them are writing from the trenches asking for seats to be reserved, as they will be on leave.

ANOTHER GERMAN ESCAPES.

A German, escaped from Alexandra Palace on Thursday night.

His name is Walter Eysenhardt, and his description is as follows:—Age thirty, height 5ft. 8½in.; weight about 10st.; complexion fair, very freckled; hair fair and very scanty; eyes blue-grey.

He was wearing a blue suit and grey shirt and cloth cap and suffers from ague.

TRUTH ABOUT M.P.s.

Why Politicians Dislike Newspapers That Ban Party Cries.

'SUNDAY PICTORIAL' BUDGET

In the old days the politician was paramount. He delivered his oration in the House, or stumped up and down the country, protesting and exhorting, and he could rely on his party newspapers to report his speeches at length, print puff paragraphs and generally serve his turn.

Gradually the M.P. grew to look upon newspapers as existing solely for his benefit. Then came the change. The Press developed a spirit of independence. It began to criticise. It became the mouthpiece of public opinion. In short, it displaced the politician.

That is why, Mr. John Foster Fraser points out in to-morrow's *Sunday Pictorial*, M.P.s now dislike newspapers. That is why M.P.s are continually attacking the Press. And Mr. Fraser has much to say in illuminating to say on the future effect of this deep-seated aversion.

To the same number Mr. Austin Harrison contributes a trenchant article on "Our Elderly Generals," which contains some of his finest flashes.

Mr. Bottomley's theme this week is "The Future of the Hun"—and a pitch-black future he makes of it. "The peace with Germany," he says, "must be peace that hurts." And he suggests a wholehog boycott.

So to-morrow's *Sunday Pictorial*, when you remember its splendid war pictures, gossip, paragraphs, topical comments, serial story and new section, looks like being the best paper you can buy.

WATCH YOUR WATCH.

Jewellers Seek City Men's Help to Cope with Mass of Repair Work.

So many skilled men are now being employed on munition work that jewellers and watchmakers find themselves unable to undertake the repair of watches and clocks.

The manager of a famous London firm of jewellers told *The Daily Mirror* yesterday: "We are working night and day trying to cope with our ordinary work and with work for the Government."

"Quite 95 per cent. of our staff are engaged upon munition work that is for the munitions authorities, and we are advertising for City men to come and give us a hand at the machines which do not necessarily require skilled control. It is impossible to guarantee the execution of any repair work in any given time."

"We have hundreds of watches on hand. In ordinary times we should complete the repairs on them within a week."

"Now it is a fact that a customer is lucky if he can secure the return of his watch in anything from two to three months."

In Glasgow, jewellers and watchmakers announce they will not undertake to repair watches which are not in gold cases and of special value. Two months are also required for the repairs.

Scores of watches and clocks are being returned to owners as the jewellers say there is no prospect of repair work being executed so long as the war lasts.

DERBY RECRUIT PROSECUTED.

The prosecution of a Derby group recruit took place at Gravesend yesterday, when Frederick Flanagan, of Swancombe, was charged with absenting himself from the depot of the Royal West Kent Regiment since January 21.

A police officer stated that Flanagan should have reported himself under Group A. He asserted, however, that he thought his employer had claimed exemption for him.

When the justice's clerk asked who prosecuted there was no answer, and the chairman said they would have to discharge accused, Mr. Mumford, who appeared for accused, said he understood that the authorities now wished to give Flanagan an opportunity of voluntarily joining up.

LIVED IN A HUNDRED BOARDING HOUSES.

Man's Complaint That Veal and Spaghetti Kept Him Awake.

£5 SLANDER DAMAGES.

"This action is brought not to recover heavy damages, but to show that defendant must keep his tongue from evil speaking."

Thus spoke counsel yesterday when Mr. Justice Scrutton and a jury heard an action by Miss Lillian Loxley, a boarding-house keeper, of Canfield-gardens, Hampstead, against Mr. Albert Jubber, who at one time was one of her boarders, for damages for alleged slander and libel.

Mr. Rose Innes, K.C., for the plaintiff, said that Mr. Jubber, who paid 28s. 6d. a week, was a man of ultra-punctual habits, and after a time he made himself rather disagreeable. One day he wrote:—

"Madam:—If you will take the trouble to compare your watch with the standard clock at Hewlett's (a jeweller's at Finchley) you will find it is five minutes slow. I like to pay my bills regularly. My manners have always been absolutely quiet and reserved, ever since I have been in this house and I don't understand the disrespect I receive."

SLANDERED THE CHERRIES.

Continuing, counsel said there was apparently friction in the house, which was caused by the defendant himself, and for which his peculiarities were responsible.

It was not long afterwards that he wrote the letter which was complained of as the libel. It ran:—

"I had occasion to write you on May 19 last re bell and the time incident, and I regret being compelled to write you again. It is about the food. I had told you on Friday that, with the exception of one hour's unsettled sleep the previous night, I was awake all the night through the veal and the spaghetti, and last night also, which I attribute to the cherries."

"They were white hearts, and to give them deep red colour and the juice some colouring matter, or cochineal, apparently, was used. This morning the cherries were so stale to eat, and I had a foreign egg in exchange."

"I am frightened of the food and the penalty paid in headaches and no sleep, and you will understand, please, that I shall not pay you unless it is altered."

Then on the following day Mr. Jubber said aloud: "The food you are supplying to me is poisonous. Take that poisoned food away. I am being poisoned here. The food is insufficient and I have received no proper attention."

"I AM A STRONG MAN."

Miss Loxley, smartly dressed in a fur coat and black velvet hat, denied in evidence that she gave her boarders anything but the best food.

Counsel intimated that he would not call the defendant, but Mr. Jubber, standing up in court, said: "I would rather be called, please."

He went into the box, and in a stentorian voice he said he was sixty years of age and had been a sailor until he was twenty-one years of age, after which he had lived an independent life. He had resided in about 100 boarding-houses during the last forty years.

Mr. Innes: Were you always satisfied?—Yes, on the whole. I am a strong man like yourself, but I can't digest stuff and nails and not all kinds of eggs.

Were you really frightened at the food?—The veal and spaghetti were not cooking, it was indigestible and kept me awake at night.

Now, about this haddock. Was it bad?—

Phew, said witness with a grimace, "do you think I should have left it had it been good?"

The jury returned a verdict for the plaintiff on the issue of slander, with £5 damages, and for the defendant on the issue of libel.

His Lordship entered judgment for the parties on the issues on which they had succeeded, with costs.

CHARGE OF NIGHT SIGNALLING.

Charged at a Lincolnshire court yesterday with displaying a light in a manner so as to serve as a signal on the night of January 31 (the night of the Zeppelin raid), Walter J. Bott, a mailster's traveller, was handed over to the military authorities.

The solicitor for the chief constable and the military authorities intimated that the latter had seen the evidence and had decided that it was not a minor offence, but that it was one which should be dealt with either by a military Court or at the assizes.

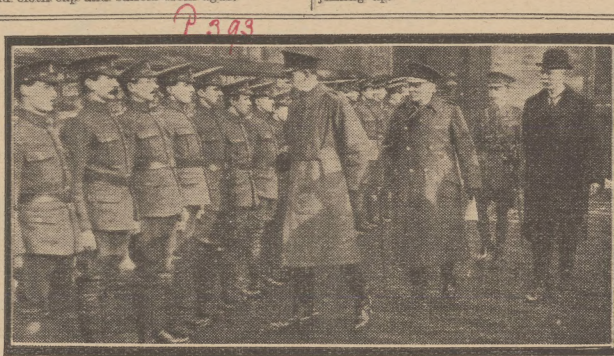
AUSTRALIA'S PREFERENCE PLAN.

The Secretary of State for the Colonies announces:—

"The Hon. B. R. Wise, K.C., Agent-General for New South Wales, is advised by the Government in Sydney that the Cabinet has recently had under consideration the question of preference to British manufactures."

"The Cabinet has decided that in the purchase of supplies for the public service of New South Wales a 10 per cent. preference shall be extended to local British or Empire manufactures, as against those of other countries."

Read "Should the War Be Taboo in Theatres?" by Arthur Playfair, on page 5.



Inspecting the medical unit of the Edinburgh University Officers' Training Corps.

GERMANS CLAIM REPULSE OF BIG FRENCH ONSLAUGHT NEAR ARRAS

Four Attacks That Followed Storm of Shell Fire.

M.P. ON AIR DEFENCE.

Tirpitz's Tale of Terrible Craft that "Sank a British Cruiser."

LEAP DAY MURDER ORDER

THE FIGHT IN THE WEST.

Heavy fighting continues on the Western front north of Arras. The Germans state that the French near Vimy made four attempts to recapture lost trenches, but failed. Despite the silence of the French communiqués, M. Hutin says that south of the Somme the French troops have scored a real success.

TWADDLE FROM TIRPITZ.

A ridiculous story of a North Sea fight was issued yesterday by the German Admiralty, which states that German torpedo-boats chased "several British cruisers" off the Dogger Bank and sank one.

Alas for the Huns' glorious victory, the British Admiralty states cruelly that the "cruisers" were just mine-sweepers.

MORE THREATS.

Our enemies have never been so busy with threats. The latest is that the Germans and Austrians will in future treat armed merchantmen as belligerents.

A curious telegram comes from Washington. It states that "according to a high authority" the United States Government will warn Americans that if they travel on armed merchantmen it is at their own risk and that they will not be entitled to the protection of the United States.

This would seem to be a departure from the attitude hitherto adopted by America.

GOVERNMENT AND THE AIR.

There are signs that the question of our air defences is at last to be taken seriously. Following on a War Council an important conference was held at the Admiralty.

It is understood that the conference dealt with the air defences of London and the country.

GERMAN STORY OF DASH THAT FAILED.

Berlin Claims Repulse of Four French Attacks Near Vimy.

(GERMAN OFFICIAL.)

BERLIN, Feb. 11.—German Main Headquarters reports this afternoon:

To the north-west of Vimy the French, after artillery preparations which lasted for hours, attempted four times to recapture the trenches they had lost. All their attacks failed.

To the south of the Somme they were also unable to recapture any part of the lost positions.

On the Aisne and in the Champagne there were local lively artillery duels. One of our captive balloons escaped without any crew and drifted away over the enemy lines near Vailly.

Eastern Theatre.—To the north of Lake Dryewlaty the advance of a strong Russian division was repulsed.

Balkan Theatre.—There is nothing new to report.—Wireless Press.

(FRENCH OFFICIAL.)

PARIS, Feb. 11.—This afternoon's French official communiqué says: "There was nothing of importance to record in the course of the night."

PARIS, Feb. 11.—M. Marcel Hutin, writing in the *Echo de Paris*, says: "It is remarked that our communiqués are in no hurry to announce our strategic successes."

"It would seem that only minor engagements are allowed to be mentioned. For some days the Germans have acknowledged almost daily that to the south of the Somme they were losing here and there a part of a trench."

"Yesterday again they pretended that we had repulsed frequent partial attacks, whereas our men registered a real success over our credit. The French obtained a footing in the advanced trench situated immediately to the south of Bequécourt, south of Frise and to the west of Bezonne."—Exchange.

BERLIN'S TALL STORY OF NORTH SEA FIGHT.

Frightful Battle with Cruisers Which Were Minesweepers.

AMSTERDAM, Feb. 11.—According to a Berlin telegram, the German Admiralty issued the following to-day:—

"Last night, during an advance by our torpedo-boats, our boats met on the Dogger Bank, some 120 miles east of the British coast, several British cruisers, which at once fled."

"Our boats pursued them, sank the new cruiser *Arabic* and hit a second cruiser with a torpedo."

"Our torpedo-boats rescued the commander of the *Arabic*, two other officers and twenty-one men. Our forces suffered no damage and no losses."—Reuter.

With reference to the above message, the Secretary of the Admiralty states that the cruisers mentioned were four mine-sweeping vessels, three of which have returned safely.

AIR DEFENCE OF LONDON AND COUNTRY.

Important Government Conference Held at the Admiralty.

The Zeppelin raid on the Midlands last week and the seaplane raid on the Kentish coast have been followed by a Government conference.

An important conference concerning the aerial defences of London and the country took place on Thursday afternoon at the Admiralty, says the Exchange Telegraph Company.

In the morning a War Council took place at Downing-street, at which Mr. Balfour, First Lord of the Admiralty, was present.

A further meeting of the War Council was held yesterday at 10, Downing-street, Mr. Asquith presiding.

It is unlikely that there will be any further conference between Mr. Asquith and his colleagues in the Cabinet until the early part of next week—probably Tuesday.

DEBATE ON ZEPPELS.

A meeting of the Unionist War Committee, which was created at the close of last session, will be held on Tuesday before the reassembling of Parliament to consider what action shall be taken in the debate on the air defence of the country.

Sir E. Carson is chairman of the committee, but owing to his illness the chair will be taken by Sir F. Banbury.

Mr. Joynton Hicks, M.P., stated yesterday that he will call attention in the debate on the Address to the whole question of the air defences of the country.

He will not confine himself to London alone or to the mere question of defence against Zeppelin raids. He was strongly of opinion that the only way to stop the raids was to smash the Zeppelins in Germany.

TURKS SAY OUR ADVANCE WAS STOPPED.

(TURKISH OFFICIAL.)

AMSTERDAM, Feb. 11.—The communiqué received from Constantinople to-day says:—

Irak Front (Mesopotamia).—There has been intermittent artillery and infantry firing.

The enemy attempted an advance from the right bank of the Tigris, but was compelled to retreat to his old positions after two violent engagements.

Near Kut-el-Amara there is no change.

Caucasian Front.—Violent attacks made by hostile outposts were foiled by our vigorous counter-attacks.—Reuter.

GERMANY'S NEW THREAT OF SEA MURDER.

Austrian Order for Leap Day—America's Volte Face?

AMSTERDAM, Feb. 11.—The Berlin Government has issued a memorandum concerning the future treatment of hostile commercial vessels.

Vessels armed with guns will be considered as belligerents after a short term, during which the neutral interests will be taken into account.

The Government will inform neutrals of the state of affairs in order that they may warn their subjects not to travel or send goods on board the armed vessels of Germany's enemies.

The memorandum further mentions nineteen cases in which armed commercial vessels attacked German submarines without being attacked, contrary to the declaration of the British Ambassador on August 25, 1915.

The memorandum quotes instructions found on board the British transport *Woodfield*, in which it is said that a ship which is pursued by a submarine apparently with hostile purposes must open fire, even if the submarine has not committed a hostile act.—Central News.

LEAP DAY ORDER.

The Austrian Note, says a Reuter Amsterdam message, is almost identical with the German Note; and adds that Austro-Hungarian naval forces have received orders to treat armed merchant vessels as belligerents as from February 29, 1916.

AMERICA'S ATTITUDE.

The memoranda by Germany and Austria-Hungary regarding armed merchantmen, says a Reuter Washington message, are likely, according to a high authority, to result in the Government issuing a warning to Americans that they will travel by armed merchantmen at their own risk, and will not be entitled to the protection of the United States.

This absolutely reverses its contention from the beginning of the war up to the present time that merchantmen are permitted to carry arms for their defence, and that Americans have the right to travel on the high seas unmolested.—Reuter.

TWO AMERICAN MINISTERS GIVE UP POSTS.

Resignation of Secretary for War and the Under-Secretary.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 11.—Mr. Garrison, Secretary for War, who has resigned, writes to Dr. Wilson:—

"It is evident we hopelessly disagree, I conceive on fundamental principles."

The resignation will take effect at the convenience of Dr. Wilson. Mr. Breckenridge, Under-Secretary, has also resigned.

The resignations have caused the most profound sensation.

The President's preparedness programme has not met with the approval of Mr. Garrison, who also considered the Administration's attitude, indicated by the Clarke amendment to the Philippines self-government Bill, a question of breach of trust towards the Philippines.

Mr. Garrison and Dr. Wilson also disagreed as to the National Guard.

"A CONTINENTAL ARMY."

The former sought the formation of a continental army, saying that reliance for the defence of a nation on militia unjustifiably imperilled the country's safety.

He closed his letter by declaring: "Our convictions are not only divergent, but utterly irreconcilable."—Central News.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 11.—The resignation of Mr. Garrison is believed, in certain political circles, to presage the disintegration of Mr. Wilson's Administration, and, in fact, is merely the first outbreak of forces which are on the eve of revolt.—Central News.

HOW 'CAT' SQUADRON WAITS TO SPRING.

"Tiger" with Her Whole Nine Lives Before Her.

A VISIT TO THE FLEET.

Describing a visit paid to the British fleet "somewhere in the North Sea," a special correspondent of the Exchange Telegraph Company says:—

There was the Tiger, as ready as any of her sister craft for the next brush with the enemy. Berlin believes the Tiger lies in the North Sea ooze, off the Dogger Bank, not far from where the German Blücher fought her last in the action of January 24, 1915. She does nothing of the kind, and I was able to walk her decks.

She is the liveliest "cat" extant, and full of fight with the whole of her nine lives to live.

The diminutive gnat-like destroyers, in advance of the heavy battleships with guns that shoot over the horizon, are simply waiting for a signal out of the air, which will tell them to "Prepare for action!" Within less than ten minutes after the signal is given the lighter craft will be tearing seaward as fast as steam will drive them.

Behind them, and not many minutes behind, will come the speedy battle cruisers, perfected to the minutest detail, prepared to hurl tons of steel in any direction.

WHY THE GERMANS HIDE.

Why don't the Germans come out? was not asked to-day by the men of the British battle cruiser squadron. They know, and for the Germans the answer is obvious.

The battle cruiser squadron is dubbed the Luckiest unit in the Navy by the men who man it. Two important actions have been fought in the North Sea since August, 1914.

When a little over a year ago, the battle cruiser squadron was sent to sea, it was this British battle cruiser squadron that sent the mighty Blücher to the bottom off the Dogger Bank. The "cats" show the worst scars of this action.

The probable solution of the German belief that the Tiger was sunk was due to a report brought by a Zeppelin.

When the Blücher heeled over and turned turtle a Zeppelin was hovering in the sky 10,000 feet above her.

The Zeppelin finally turned tail and fled in the wake of the Derfflinger, Siedlitz and Moltke. It carried back to the German Admiralty the report that the sinking vessel was the Tiger.

At all events, that is the theory that was disclosed to me for the first time to-day, and where the German Admiralty secured its official photograph of the Tiger as a sunken wreck is declared to be beyond known in England to-day, than in the Fatherland.

THE TSAR'S VISIT TO HIS TROOPS AT FRONT.

PETROGRAD, Feb. 10.—The Tsar left to-day for the front.—Reuter.

(RUSSIAN OFFICIAL.)

The latest communiqué from Petrograd says (according to Reuter) that on the Dvina, above Feduchinsk, Russian artillery repulsed the enemy positions with success.

In the Jacobstadt district the German artillery violently bombarded Russian positions near Duken and between Lievenhof and the River Sussey.

Russian scouts in the Lake Sventen region made two successful expeditions, taking prisoners and capturing arms and munitions.

East of Telmanovo, between Iovno and Luck, Russian troops captured a hill and repulsed a counter-attack.

South-east of Isebroff the Russians captured a hill at the point of the bayonet, and consolidated it. They took seventy prisoners belonging to the Imperial Regiment and repulsed an Austrian counter-attack.

(AUSTRIAN OFFICIAL.)

AMSTERDAM, Feb. 10.—The communiqué published in Vienna to-day says:—

In Volhynia and on the East Galicia front the enemy yesterday developed increased activity against our advanced posts.

In this sector the upper Austrian infantry regiment No. 14 had severe outpost engagements which lasted all night, but terminated in the complete retreat of the enemy.

Before one hotly contested bulwark some 200 Russian corpses were counted, while numerous prisoners were taken.

Fierce fighting took place last night near our outposts north-west of Tamopol.—Reuter.

BERLIN VERSION OF RAID.

AMSTERDAM, Feb. 10 (delayed).—An official communiqué issued by the German Naval Staff says:—"On the afternoon of February 9 some of our naval aeroplanes dropped a large number of bombs on the harbour works, factories and barracks of Ramscote, south of the mouth of the Thames."—Reuter.



Transporting a motor-boat over the hills for use in a lake.—(Official photograph from Salonika. Crown copyright reserved.)

Daily Mirror

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 12, 1916.

THE GERMAN SPRING.

"THOSE Germans" are busy announcing their military spring—a new human version of Nature's annual display.

Instead of primroses, big guns—guns nearly as plentiful as primroses. Instead of swallows, Zeppelins. Instead of soft showers, sinking of liners. Instead of resurrection, more death. Frightfulness, in the place of warmer weather.

This clash of the cymbals in that vast Wagnerian orchestra out there is no doubt calculated to get on the nerves of the Allied nations. We are all supposed to jump visibly, as though startled by some threatening dissonance in an opera by Strauss. Thus startled, thus upset, we are immediately to think better of it. We are to be good. We are to cry out: "Very well. You shall have what you want. We'll promise never to do it again."

A slight miscalculation?

For, undoubtedly, there are people on our side who also want to bring in the new season in a new manner. We answer threat by silent preparation.

Thereupon, hearing that the sweet wooing à la Salome and Elektra of the German boom and bang has no effect upon us, a howl, very hysterical in tone, goes up from the leader of the orchestra.

Let us put Harden in that place.

He has returned. He is in favour again with Berlin. Presumably he has been told what to say, and he is saying it at the top of his voice.

What?

Why, that if we're not good, and if we don't agree to make peace on the German terms, then the Germans will really begin to fight hard! They will give up their hitherto dignified and civilised methods. They will fling pity to the winds. They will begin to do things they've never done before—presumably they will even begin to sink hospital ships and liners holding non-combatants, women and children.

It is Kolossal, Herr Harden, undoubtedly; but unfortunately, it's not new. You've tried it long ago, and failed with it; and the resources of your frightfulness contain nothing save a possible extension and expansion of the methods already practised. You did surprise us, undoubtedly, in 1914 when, as a race of highly-trained barbarians, you launched yourselves upon Belgium and took up the piracy of the seas. But now—surely you must realise it—we know what to expect of you.

Your howls of rage, then, at the failure of the plan proclaimed by yourself a year last summer, honoured Herr, only encourage us to think that you are beginning to depend on the loudness of your shouts, instead of, much more sensibly, on the conditions of your finance and the quality of your fighting machine. Howl and rage like the Hebrew prophets, your ancestors! You, at least, dear Harden, know well enough that wars are not won by threats.

W. M.

SIXTEEN.

In Clementina's artless mien,
Lucilla asks me what I see,
And are the roses of sixteen
Enough for me?

Lucilla asks, if that be all,
Have I not called it sweet before—
Ah, yes, Lucilla! and their fall
I still deplore.

I now behold another scene,
Where Pleasure beams with heaven's own light,
More pure, more constant, more serene,
And not less bright.

Faith on whose breast the Loves repose,
Whose chain of flowers no force can sever,
And Modesty, when she goes,
Is gone for ever. —LONDON.

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

Do not trouble yourself about your imperfections, but always have the courage to rise out of them. It is right that you should begin again every day. There is no better way to finish the spiritual life than to be ever beginning it over again.—St. Francis de Sales.

SHOULD THE WAR BE TABOO IN THEATRES?

AN ACTOR'S LONGING TO JOKE ABOUT IT.

By ARTHUR PLAYFAIR.

WE were talking about gags and gagging—about impromptu jokes—on the stage the other day.

"It beats me," said a man whose knowledge of the theatre mostly begins and ends in the stalls, "it beats me how you chaps find anything but the war to make jokes about."

It frequently comes pretty near to beating me, and I think I may safely say that I am not the only one paid to try to be funny who is up against the same problem—the problem of finding the topical witticism that has nothing to do with the war.

A great many of us who profess and call ourselves comedians are, these days, often literally

war, while Government offices and officials also present the same drawback now. The Slingsby case has recently been rather a godsend to me—and to others equally rapacious, I dare say—but such opportunities are very few and far between nowadays.

So far, I have contrived to maintain a steady and optimistic determination in my search for topical, non-war gags.

BATH INSPIRATION.

My usual method is this:—Every evening (more or less) I betake myself to the Turkish bath. The bath in itself may have no powers of inspiration where gags are concerned, but there is this valuable point about it: after it one absolutely must rest and sit around in undisturbed solitude for a time.

This enforced period of rest I devote to the serious business of trying to think out funny remarks on such non-war topics of the moment as there may be. With feverish concentration I go through a pile of evening papers, hungry for something that will afford me a chance of

THE CHILD AND THE GROWN-UP: A CONTRAST.



The grown-up favours the roundabout and indirect method of imparting information with which she's positively bursting. As to the child, he blurts it out at once, without bothering to get a pretext.—(By Mr. W. K. Haselden.)

MODERN CHILDREN.

COMMENT AND CRITICISM ON THE NURSERY REVOLUTION.

OUR NEW CARTOONS.

I HAVE been unusually interested in your series of cartoons on the subject of "The Child." I think the tendency of the modern child to question everything and everyone—Why this? and Why the other?—is a sign of the times—and a good one.

It is continually being urged that training in classics should be displaced by training in science, and the fundamental principle of science is "Why?"

The schools have for some time encouraged the children to find the why and the wherefore; and it is, I believe, a step towards educating (bringing out what is in the child's mind), as opposed to cramming him with facts. Individuality and originality is likely to take the place of laking everything without question and "following the leader." F. J. V.

"WHY?"

ARE children really more argumentative to-day than they were in the past?

I have lively recollections of the "Whys?" of my brother as a small boy (he is now in the trenches), but his questions were often born of the spirit of cussedness than of a burning desire for knowledge! At getting - up time Nanna would say: "Now, Master Babs, get your stockings on quickly."

"Why must I get my stockings on quick?" he would ask exasperatingly. Then, as no answer was forthcoming: "Give me a reason—a simple reason—why I must get my stockings on quick!"

Then would come the sound of a spank.

"There's your simple reason. Now, make haste!" The arguments invariably ended like this, effectively silencing the younger disputant. Not that I advise corporal punishment even when the infant argues out of sheer naughtiness. I have been a child myself! PETER PAN.

THE REASON.

CHILDREN are less controlled to-day than their parents were as infants.

The reason is clear. It is surely that we were severely treated, and we want to keep our children from what we suffered. A. L.

IN MY GARDEN.

FEB. 11.—During dry weather rhododendrons may be planted. These most beautiful of all evergreen flowering shrubs move extremely well, since their roots are a compact mass of fine hair like fibres. Although rhododendrons grow best in peat they do well in any loamy soil that does not contain lime in any form. It is most important to set them a fair distance apart, so that they may develop into handsome bushes. The ground between them may be planted with lilies. E. F. T.

at our wits' ends in this respect. The public (it is dined into us) come to the theatre to forget about the war for a few hours. Consequently allusions to the war are not greeted with enthusiastic managerial approval. On the contrary. Unless one can touch on the fringe of the war, as Miss Gwendoline Brogden and Mr. Nelson Keys did in "The Home of the Hun," in "The Passing Show," or, if I may say so, as Mr. Keys and myself do at present in "The Optimist and Pessimist," it is considered better to leave the war severely alone. Despite the Censor, there is quite enough about it in the papers, it is argued.

What else to turn to for the topical jest, or gag, so essentially necessary in revue, and also, to some extent, in musical comedy, is the great and painful puzzle. What else but the war is there? There is no football—generally a fruitful subject for gags in the pre-war days, especially on Saturday nights, no racing, no fads and faddists, no night clubs, very few big cases in the courts, and no Bernard Shaw!

There is Parliament, of course, but to make game of politicians is to refer indirectly to the

firing off some carefully prepared jest bearing every appearance of sparkling spontaneity.

Such is the enviable lot of the professional would-be funny man at present!

The joke that has been so full of promise in the Turkish bath-house is received with polite attention but dreadful silence by the audience; the reference to someone "in the news" is greeted with that awful cold air of mystification which shows that nobody in the theatre has ever heard of the "someone" or else does not recall who he is or what he has done or left undone. If only one dared to say funny things about Von Tirpitz or Bethmann-Hollweg or Wolff's wireless!

This sort of happening has sometimes made me wonder if it is worth while trying to "crack" an apparently impromptu joke about anything that has not been in the papers every day for a week. Things happen so quickly at present that, it seems to me, the public have not time to take men in properly, and that people's minds are bewildered and confused by the multiplicity of assertions and contradictions to such an extent that the "ordinary" affairs of every-

day existence leave little or no impression. I may be wrong in this, of course, but if so I am not the only one my calling who has the same feeling. I was discussing the subject with one of the greatest and most popular comedians we have the other day.

"The whole thing's getting quite beyond me," he said, referring to this burning question of what pegs to hang gags to. "When the public get tired of hearing me hurl personal remarks and deadly insults at my fellow-playwrights shall give up trying to gag or else study the managers and talk about the war. And I shouldn't be surprised if the public liked it. It seems to me they'd rather laugh about the war than not laugh at all."

I did not tell him so, but I am half inclined to think he was right. After all, our soldiers and sailors seem to get a good deal of humour out of the war. Besides, if Mr. Haselden, Punch and the rest of the humorists may joke about the war in print, why should the subject be frowned on in the theatre?

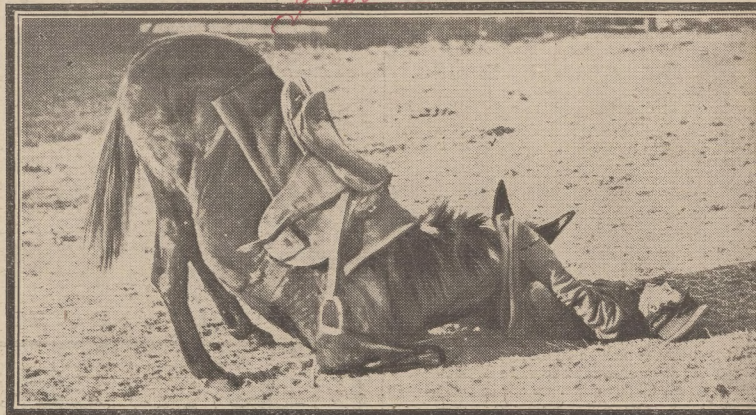
Is the spoken jest less acceptable than the written one?

AT A REMOUNT SCHOOL: MULES' TRICKS TO UNSEAT RIDERS



A frisky horse tries to do the fox trot.

There is a school for training remounts and mules in the south of England. Many of the pupils find Army discipline irksome at first, but, under capable instructors, soon learn to become useful units. The mules, however, require delicate handling.—(Daily Mirror photographs.)



The mule achieves its object. It has a number of effective methods for unseating men.



Trying to get rid of his rider.



"Over"! A little circus work.

FROM SINGAPORE



Lieutenant A. W. Covey, wounded. He came from Singapore to enlist.

CLOTHING THE FRENCH ARMY.



Stacks of underclothing for the soldiers at a big factory at Lyons. The work, it will be noticed, is done by women.—(French War Office photograph.)

SKETCH HEROINE.



Miss Violet Vanbrugh (Mrs. Arthur Bourchier) as the heroine of "Divorce While You Wait" at the Coliseum.—(Bertram Park.)

CHAIN FOR A LADY MAYORESS.



Mrs. Hargreaves, Hull's Lady Mayoress, presented with a chain of office by the ladies of the port.

THE PASSENGERS RAN A RISK.

P 422 M



King Ferdinand on the footplate. Report has it that he drove the first train between Sofia and Nish after the railway had been repaired.

CHEERFUL WOUNDED IN BALKANS

P 14916 V



At a trench dressing station in the Balkans, showing British wounded after their injuries had been attended to.

MILITARY CROSS

P 18596



Captain C. M. Euan-Smith (R.G.A.), awarded the Military Cross.

ROLL OF HONOUR

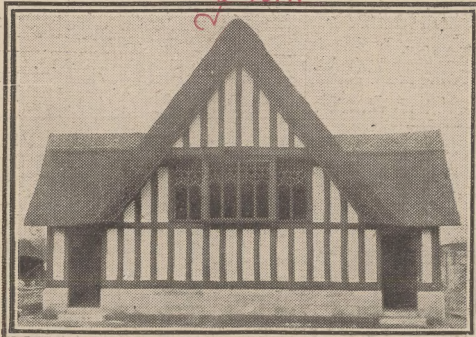
P 18596



Lieutenant R. L. Needham, killed in action in the Persian Gulf.

IN MEMORY OF FALLEN OFFICERS.

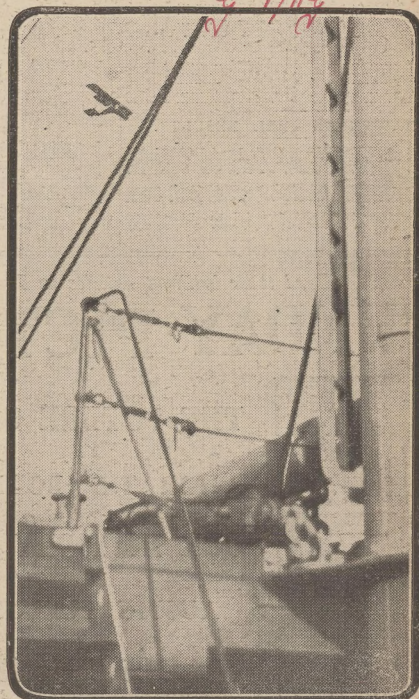
P 461 A



Church hall erected at Holme Lacy (Hereford) in memory of Captains Selwyn and Douglas Lucas-Tooth. It was given by their mother and Lady Helen Lucas-Tooth.

SEAPLANE OVER THE FLEET.

P 17113



An enemy seaplane as seen from a British warship. The photograph was taken "somewhere in the North Sea."—(Abrahams.)

WOMEN AS COOPERS.

P 988 H



Yet another occupation has been found for women, and several have become coopers.

SOMERSET'S GIRL BELLRINGERS.

P 1126



As the men are away fighting, the women of East Brent (Somerset) are ringing the church bells.

WON AFTER FALLING.

How Bruce Beat Hesperus Magnus at Hawthorn Hill.

Small fields were seen out at Hawthorn Hill yesterday, but there was plenty of excitement in the racing, especially when Bruce won the Bracknell Steeplechase, after falling four fences from home.

At the time of his tumble Bruce was in front, but before he could be remounted Hesperus Magnus had obtained a lead of fifty lengths. The latter, however, could hardly crawl in the heavy going, and Bruce overhauled him to win by four lengths. Selections for today are appended:

12.45.—THE HINKIN. 2.30.—HACKLER'S BEY.
1.30.—DAIRDAIDOU. 3.0.—TIP AND RUN.
4.0.—THE BORE.

DOUBLE EVENT FOR TO-DAY.

*THE BORE and COMFORT.

BOUVIERIE.

TO-DAY'S PROGRAMME.

12.45.—FOUR-YEAR-OLD, 60 sovs; 11m.			
The Hinkin	11 0	at 1b	
Canute	10 7		
Freestone	10 7		
Marcella	10 7		
Polace	10 7		
Murray Bridge	10 7		
King's Year	10 7		
The O'Neil	10 7		
Equipse	10 7		
Peaslee	10 7		
Douglas Gordon	10 7		
Wain White	10 7		
a Slave Cart	10 7		
Carnes	10 7		
Tambour Battant	11 6		
2.30.—GRAVE SELLING H'CAP CHASE, 50 sovs; 2m.			
a Nemo	12 5	at 1b	
Lyander	12 5		
a Nery	12 4		
Le Vie	12 0		
Lord Calma	12 0		
Wain's Cure	11 9		
Boston Rouge	11 10		
Flatterer	11 10		
Carnes	11 9		
Tambour Battant	11 6		
2.30.—BINFIELD DOUBLE H'CAP HURDLE, 60 sovs (Class I); 2m.			
Lord Ninian	11 11	at 1b	
Ambarossa	11 11		
St. Beuve	11 9		
Polace	11 9		
a Merlo	11 8		
Scarlet Hound	11 6		
Sweet Sun	11 5		
2.30.—BRACKNELL DOUBLE H'CAP CHASE, 100 sovs (Class I); 3m.			
Coverdon II.	12 7	at 1b	
Jacobus	12 2		
St. Beuve	12 1		
Hory O'More	11 7		
Bonch	11 5		
3.0.—SELLING H'CAP HURDLE, 50 sovs; 2m.			
Barham	12 7	at 1b	
Bunch o' Keys	12 7		
Gothan	12 7		
Fair Trader	12 2		
Spearmen	11 11		
Sabara	11 10		
Gentilhomme	11 10		
Indian God	11 9		
Jack Pot	11 9		
Miss Calma	11 7		
Alvaner	11 6		
Galaxy	11 5		
Tip and Run	11 3		
a Ballgame	11 3		
Kingwood	11 3		
3.30.—WINDSOR DOUBLE H'CAP CHASE, 60 sovs (Class II); 2m.			
Sooty	12 7	at 1b	
Royal Canal	12 7		
Comfort	12 5		
Clondakin	12 4		
Kastra	12 3		

HAWTHORN HILL RESULTS.

12.45.—MAYDENHEAD H'CAP, 2m.—NEMO (4-7, H. Harigan), 1; Newry (5-4), 2. Also ran: Leo (5-7), 3; Ulysses (5-1), 4. Midas, Sentry, Roderick Dub, Classic and Jamie (5-1).

1.30.—REDSTONE HURDLE, 2m.—SCREAMER (evens), 1; H. Harigan, 1; White Star (evens), 2; The O'Neil (3-1), 3.

2.0.—WINDSOR H'CAP, (Class I); 2m.—DRINAUGH (7-2, Captain de Trafford), 1; Roy Barker (3-1), 2; Gray Lag (4-5), 3.

NEWS ITEMS.

Explosion at Skoda Works Denied.

Reports regarding an explosion in the Skoda Works at Pilsen are untrue, says an official Vienna telegram.

Military Honours for Dead Fox.

With military honours, Heinrich Schneider, of the 74th Hanoverian Regiment, a prisoner at Leigh Camp, was buried yesterday at Leigh Cemetery.

Russian War Prisoners Escape.

By killing the sentry six Russian soldiers who were taken prisoners by the Germans have escaped to Salonika from Ghevgeli, says a yesterday's telegram.

Prison for "Vorwärts" Editor.

According to the Berlin papers the trial of the editor of the *Vorwärts*, Ernst Meyer, for inciting class hatred ended with a sentence to one week's imprisonment.

Lard from Pulp Wood.

A new by-product from pulp wood, which is to be placed on the market as a substitute for lard, was described, says Reuter, in a paper read before the Canadian Forestry Association at Ottawa.

Italy Attacks Enemy Trade.

An official decree has been issued in Rome, says Reuter, prohibiting the introduction into Italy or her Colonies of goods produced from Austria-Hungary or Germany from whatever source they may come.

Fear of Being Buried Alive.

"As I have a great horror of being buried alive I wish my trustees to ascertain without doubt before my body is placed in a coffin that my spirit has gone to the God who gave it," was a clause in the will proved yesterday of Mrs. Ellen Staines, of Paddington, who left £12,987 net personally.

2.30.—FOREST HURDLE, 2m.—GOTHAM (evens, G. Hickman), 1; W. Adams (5-2), 2; Black Pirate (100-5), 3. Also ran: Edginton (10-1), Crossed Bag (100-8), Pankration, The Policeman, Candyfunt, Flareaway, Birthday Clothes, Royal, Galin, Winchester and Strathmore (100-1).

3.0.—BRACKNELL CHASE (Class II), 3m.—BRUCE (evens), 1; Persimmon (evens), 2; Also ran: Alamy Belle (5-1).

3.30.—BINFIELD HURDLE, 2m.—RANGLASH (2-1, R. Gordon), 1; Lemon Pail (10-1), 2; Grayling (6-4), 3. Also ran: Nightcap (7-1), Gentilhomme and Sunet (10-1).

TO-DAY'S FOOTBALL MATCHES.

THE LEAGUE.—Lancashire Section: Blackpool v. Burnley, Bolton Wanderers v. Burnley, Everton v. Preston North End, Manchester City v. Stoke, Oldham Athletic v. Stockport County, Rochdale v. Manchester United, Southport Central v. Liverpool.

THE LEAGUE.—Midland Section: Bradford City v. Hull City, Grimsby Town v. Bradford, Huddersfield Town v. Leeds City, Leicester Fosse v. Barnsley, Lincoln City v. Derby County, Notts County v. Sheffield Wednesday, Sheffield United v. Notts Forest.

THE LEAGUE.—South Section: Chelsea v. Crystal Palace, Watford v. Queens' Park Rangers, Brentford v. The Arsenal, Clapton Orient v. Fulham, Reading v. Luton, Tottenham Hotspur v. Geydon Common, Millwall v. West Ham United.

SOUTH-WESTERN COMBINATION.—Portsmouth v. Bristol Rovers, Southampton v. Cardiff City, Bristol City v. Swindon Town.

SCOTTISH LEAGUE.—Ayr United v. Aberdeen, Mirren v. Motherwell, Celtic v. Dumbarton, St. Mirren v. Clyde, Dunfermline v. Hibernian, Falkirk v. Queen's Park, Greenock Morton v. Hamilton Academical, Heart of Midlothian v. Glasgow Rangers, Partick Thistle v. Kilmarnock, Third Lanark v. Raith Rovers.

NORTHERN UNION.

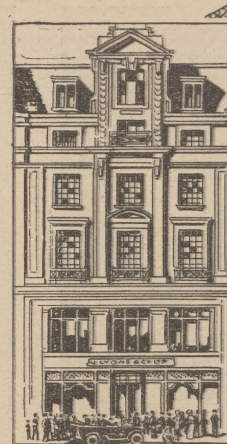
YORKSHIRE SECTION.—Featherstone v. Bramley, Hull v. St. Helens, Batley v. Oldham, Bradford Northern v. Hull Kingston Rovers, Halifax v. Huddersfield, Rochdale, Brighouse v. Dewsbury.

LANCASHIRE SECTION.—Salford v. Huddersfield, Broughton Rangers v. Wigan, St. Helens Recreation v. Swinton.

Last night's closing scores in the billiards tournament were: Newman, 6/50; Rees, 4/50.

Prizes for both steeplechase men and soldiers will be decided at Blackheath to-day. At Snarebrook the Southern Counties Association are holding a three miles running race and a six miles walk.

Mike Honeyman and Bombardier Tom Wilson meet in a twenty rounds contest at the Ring to-night. At Hoxton Badwyn Brooks opposes Bert Farmer in a fifteen rounds match.

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Lyons' Tea is used

No. 4, "211, Regent St."

IN this delightful—and the newest—Lyons' Restaurant, LYONS' TEA provides the fragrant cup.

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Café Hall,
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PERSONAL.

KIDDE.—Improved since nervous breakdown. Insert my initials.

HAIR permanently removed from face with electricity; lotion only.—Florence Wood, 105, Regent-st., W.

"*The above advertisements are charged at the rate of eight words at 6d. per word afterwards. Trade advertisements in Persons column eight words at 6d. and 10d. per word after; name and address of sender must also be sent.—Address, Advertisement Manager, 'Daily Mirror,' 25-29, Leadenhall, London."

LONDON AMUSEMENTS.

ADELPHI.—A New Musical Play. TINA. To-day, 2 and 8. Mats. Weds. and Sat., at 2.

GODFREY THORPE, PHYLIS DARE, and HARRY. To-day, 2 and 8. Mats. Weds. and Sat., at 2.

AMBASSADORS.—To-day, 2 and 8. Mats. Weds. and Sat., at 2.

APOLLO.—OSCAR ASCHME and LILY BRAYTON in THE TAMING OF THE SHREW. Mats. Weds. and Sat., at 2.30. Evenings, Thurs., Fri., and Sat., 8.15.

CRITICISM.—To-day, 2 and 8. Mats. Weds. and Sat., at 2.30.

DALYS.—The George Edwards Production. BETTY. To-day, 2 and 8. Mats. Weds. and Sat., at 2.30.

DRURY LANE.—A LITTLE BIT OF FLUFF. To-day, 2 and 8. Mats. Weds. and Sat., at 2.30.

DUKE OF YORK'S.—THE JOAN DANCERS, by Frank Statton. To-day, 2 and 8. Mats. Weds. and Sat., at 2.30.

GAITEY.—Evenings, 8.0. Mats. Sat., 2.30. TO-NIGHT'S THE NIGHT. GEO. GROSSMITH and Gaiety Co.

GARRICK.—8.30. Mats. Weds. and Sat., 2.30. "TIGER SCUB." BASIL GILL and MADGE TITHERDALE.

GLOBE.—To-day, 2.30. Evenings, Thurs., Fri., and Sat., 8.15. MY MAN MANNERING in PEG O' MY HEART.

HAYMARKET.—At 2.30 and 8.15. WHO IS HE? To-day, 2.30 and 8.15. Mats. Weds. and Sat., 2.30.

HIS MAJESTY'S. MRS. PRETTY and THE PREMIER. To-day, 2.30 and 8.15. Mats. Weds. and Sat., 2.30.

LYRICAL.—To-day, 2.30 and 8.15. Mats. Weds. and Sat., 2.30. DORIS KEANE in ROMANCE.

OPERA SEASON at Shatthure Theatre.—To-day, at 2.30, BOHEME. To-night, at 8, TALES OF HOFFMANN; Mon., RUTHERFORD; Tues., MANON LESCAUT; Wed., MAFI; Thurs., SWAIN'S MAIE; Wed. Evg., TALES OF HOFFMANN.

PLAYHOUSE.—At 2.30 and 8.15. PLEASE HELP EMILY. Chas. Hawley and Gladys Cooper. Mats. Weds. and Sat., 2.30.

QUEEN'S.—To-day, 2.30 and 8.15. Mats. Weds. and Sat., 2.30. A New Fessie.

ST. JAMES'S.—THE BASKER, A New Comedy, by Clifford Mills. To-day and DAILY, at 2.30.

ST. MARTIN'S.—To-day and DAILY, at 2.30. GEORGE ALEXANDER and GENEVIEVE WARD.

THE CASE OF LADY CAMBER, by H. A. Vachell. Every Evening and Mats. Mon., Weds. and Sat., 2.30.

THE MAN WHO STAYED AT HOME. A remarkable collection of War Pictures on Land and Sea, Captured German Film of Our Enemies' Actions, Maps, Western Fronts. Telephone, Gerrard 1644 and 1568.

THE POPULAR PICTURE.—MR. W. H. E. IRVING. To-day, 2.30 and 8.15. Mats. Weds. and Sat., 2.30.

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE. Mats. Tues. and Sat., at 2.30.

VAUDVILL.—H. Gratton's Revue. SATURDAY, 2.30.

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THE POPULAR PICTURE.—MR. W. H. E. IRVING. To-day, 2.30 and 8.15. Mats. Weds. and Sat., 2.30.

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LOVE ME FOR EVER

By META
SIMMINS



Olive Chayne.

New Readers Begin Here. CHARACTERS IN THE STORY.

OLIVE CHAYNE, a girl of unusual charm and looks, but with plenty of character.

RICHARD HEATHCOTE, a straightforward, rather rugged type of man, whose affections are sound.

RUPERT HEATHCOTE, his good-looking cousin, who lacks balance.

OLIVE CHAYNE is day-dreaming by the fire. Far down in her heart an imprisoned memory that she would give the world to forget stirs restlessly.

She had been so certain that Rupert Heathcote loved her. Her memories carried her back to a garden. The Heathcotes had been giving a farewell dance to Richard Heathcote, Rupert's cousin, who was going out to West Africa.

Olive had never quite understood Dick. He is very different from Rupert, the man she loves. At times he has been very friendly to her—and then he has been almost a stranger.

Olive closes her eyes with a sense of sick shame as the web of memories spin out. Something had betrayed her secret to Rupert that night in the garden. She had showed him all her heart then.

He had caught her in his arms and held her for a moment in a close embrace.

Then almost as though he hated her he had put her from him.

Then she remembered how Dick had come across the lawn—a changed Dick. It was as though he knew. He had been splendid, and her sore heart had been soothed.

But through it all she knew that there was only one man she loved—Rupert. And the end had come when a few weeks later he had gone out to join Dick.

As Olive Chayne sits there thinking a letter arrives. It comes from West Africa, and it is signed R. Heathcote. In a very frank, straightforward way it asks her to go to him there and marry him.

Olive Chayne is changed. And so Rupert really loves her after all! Then the telephone rings. It is her father. He tells her that he will need all her help in a crisis in his life.

In a moment all Olive Chayne's hopes are dashed to the ground. She remembers that she promised that she would always look after her father. With a breaking heart, she writes a letter back to Rupert Heathcote saying that she must refuse.

The next day she hears her father's news. It is that he is going to get married again. With a shock she realizes that she has made her sacrifice in vain. Without hesitating, she sends a cable to Rupert Heathcote saying that the letter was a mistake and that she is coming out at once.

Olive Chayne arrives at Omdura, a little town on the coast of West Africa. Rupert Heathcote meets her.

He comes forward casually, and begins to apologise for Dick's absence. He talks so much about Dick that the terrible thought comes to her that a few more sentences from Dick, and she realises that this is the awful truth—she had misread the signature in the letter.

She manages to deceive both Rupert and Dick for the time being, but all her efforts are revived when Rupert receives the letter, which she had originally sent to him. He refuses to give it to her.

Olive and Dick are misled. On the journey up country to their home Rupert tells her that he knows her secret. He adds that it will be wise for her not to go to him.

One evening Rupert controls himself. As he catches Olive in his arms Dick enters the room. A word is said, and the two men are left in a state of confusion. There is a long, angry argument, and Rupert blurts out the truth, and shows Richard Olive's letter.

PROOF!

BUT though he waved Rupert back with a stern angry gesture, almost in spite of himself Richard Heathcote had seen the writing—recognised it. The charming feminine writing of his wife that, since he had learned to know it, seemed so characteristic of her personality.

He said nothing. The line of his lips had hardened. All at once it seemed to him as though there was an iron band about his temples compressing the brain. . . . that if the pressure continued for many moments longer the agony would be beyond all his powers of endurance.

Rupert stared at him. There was something in the look of the blue eyes fixed on him that sobered the madness of his jealous, outraged vanity. He felt afraid of the thing he had done, of the unknown forces he had set free. . . .

Look here—I'm sorry I have blurted out this so offensively," he began lamely. "It was a rotten thing to do. But my nerves have gone all wrong. Knowing Olive as you do, it's not necessary for me to tell you how she's played the game."

(Translation, dramatic and all other rights secured.)

"Kindly leave my wife's name out of the conversation," Dick said very quietly. But those sensitive hands of his that he had thrust into the pockets of his white drill coat clenched fiercely. . . . those betraying hands.

He paused for a scarcely perceptible second before he spoke again. He must have his voice under perfect control. He must show nothing of those feelings that seethed and boiled in his brain that was compressed by that band of pain.

"What you have just said in no way affects the matter under discussion," he said. As I told you—if you care to take my name on the instant, you can do so, and still draw your pay. If not—"

He shrugged his shoulders and tossed a letter across the table to his cousin.

"I received this by the mail that came up last night. It will explain itself."

Rupert made no effort to pick up the letter. . . .

"I prefer that you should explain it to me," he retorted curtly.

"It requires very little explanation," Dick's tone matched his own. "Gomez has been gambling again. He has gone broke. The estate has been sold and—then to one—the new buyer will make a conveyance of every yard of land on the estate. I'm expecting a cable any moment—as you will see the letter has been delayed."

Richard Heathcote went out of the office leaving Rupert with the letter from the late owner of Narakota on the table before him.

He picked it up and stood looking down at it. The closely-written sheets rustled in his hand. But for a few seconds the neat, clerkly-looking hands conveyed nothing to him whatever. His eyes were held by a vision of Richard Heathcote's face, of the look that had sprung into being in those blue eyes, silencing him so completely.

What a fool he had been to give himself away like this! He cursed himself for the mad, un-leaping jealousy that had refused to be kept in check. But that thought—that Olive had come to this man, complaining of him—seeking shelter from him. . . . had not been bearable.

What could he do, even yet, to save the situation?

How far did Dick believe him? He could not guess. He had read nothing but the letter for himself to Dick's eyes. He could hazard no guess as to what Dick's action would be. His mind worked feverishly, trying to find some way out—some excuse that would render it possible for him to remain at Narakota.

For to leave Narakota meant to leave Olive, perhaps to lose Olive. . . . Even in this moment of defeat it was not conceivable to his vanity that he might—quite apart from her marriage—have already lost his power to sway Olive's emotion.

With an effort he concentrated himself on the letter.

Gomez wrote from Monte Carlo with a frank fatalism and a command of colloquial English that might have been engaging had not one's personal interests been so deeply involved.

He had been at Monte Carlo for about a fortnight, and had met with such a phenomenal run of luck for the first week that, as the letter explained—

"I let the reins lie loose on my neck, with the result that I have come a most tremendous cropper. Had it not been for the sale of Narakota, I should have known where I should have been. As it is, after paying my most unjust debts, I'm absolutely broke."

"I don't care a tinker's curse for the whole affair so far as I am personally concerned, but I should like to hear on your account, my dear Heathcote. After your marriage news of this kind cannot be cheering. But you will make good in some way, I do not doubt. The purchaser is a Mr. A. Brydon. Citizen of the world, I understand. Is the most exact description of him available."

"For myself I expect to come up smiling in a few months. My ability for making money is only approached by my ability for losing it. . . . I have been extremely lucky, and turned the page to read the postscript."

"I understand that Brydon will cable his decision re staff."

"So that's that." Rupert's face twisted in a wry smile as he folded the letter with meticulous exactness.

This meant facing the world again. Dick's offer could only hold good if the new purchaser's cable were favorable. He says no thought to Dick's position, to what this man who had brought a wife out from England must feel at the prospect of being suddenly flung out of his job without a penny to bless himself with!

It had been so easy to plan to steal Dick's wife and take her away with Dick's money! But if that money failed—

He looked up scowling as Dick's shadow fell across his table.

"A runner has just arrived from Omdura with this," Richard Heathcote said. He held the cablegram across to Rupert, and he read: "Take possession of property end of next month. Entire British staff take month's notice. Brydon."

The cable fluttered on to the table and Dick strode out into the sunlight. Rupert's eyes followed him. Heathcote did not go in the direction of the bungalow, he cut out sharply, passing the village, in the direction of the rough mimosa scrub.

As his cousin's figure disappeared, Rupert took up the cablegram and read it through again. It was in code, he noticed that idly. No word here about the money out for the man. But, no—he glanced at the slip more closely—he could not have done that. This message had been dispatched—not from France, but from Sierra Leone.

The owner of Narakota had already landed on the coast. That fact made Rupert very thoughtful indeed.

DICK CONSIDERS.

THE heat of noon was over Richard Heathcote's head as he went, a climbing sun in a sky of aching blue. He had been walking ever since he left the office, and another man might have succumbed before now to the effects of the sun. But there was a pain more fiercely hot than the sun burning and blazing in the man's heart, and the torment of it triumphed over mere physical discomfort.

Rupert need have been in no doubt, had he but known. Richard believed every word he had said without a quiver of mistrust. How could it have been possible for him to do otherwise? From the first he thought that Olive really loved him, could stop in awe from her throne to him, had been all but beyond belief. . . .

Now he knew how right had been the instinct that had always held him back from speech in England, from putting his love to the test; that he had kept him from so much as writing to her all the months of his exile—until at last the madness that solitude breeds, his longing for her had keyed him up to the pitch.

And she had read Rupert in that letter that he had written with his heart at the point of the pen. She had come out to marry Rupert—with never a thought for him, but with love for another man, irritating her beauty till she glowed like a rose.

He wiped the sweat from his face and paused, looking about him. His walking had brought him to the wide tree belt that masked the factories to his right and gave entrance to the forest that was hidden from the house at Narakota by the undulating ground.

The relief from the sun was not very great, for all the trees the air in the narrow path cut between the high bush was breathless and stagnant.

What was he to do?

His thoughts worked restlessly. He felt sick at heart at the thought of the last time he had seen Olive's sufferings, of all of his heart that he had shown her so unreservedly. . . .

Just for a moment a fierce anger against her flamed up in his mind. She had acted abominably. She had deceived him and led him on to betray himself. . . . and all the while her thoughts were with Rupert—her desires for Rupert. . . . even when she was in his arms!

The bitterness of that thought was all but intolerable, but it passed presently. Olive had been very just in her conception of him. He was too big to bear resentment. He realised perfectly that he was acting unwisely.

Olive had been—as Rupert had dared to say—"playing the game" according to her reading of his rules.

Life could not go on. He could never again so much as touch her hand—he knew that. What life he not be bearable, but possible, under these circumstances—this life out here, where each demanded so much from the other? He told must set her free.

But how? He did not for a moment deceive himself, as Rupert had attempted to deceive himself, with any thoughts that the marriage could be set aside. There was divorce, of course, but divorce was out of the question.

There was one way out, of course. That straight gate that leads into the immensity of the unknown.

In the night of their coming to Narakota Heathcote had spoken to his wife of death, of the contempt in which he is held out here in Africa—on the coast, in the mysterious unknown depths of the forest. Death that comes in a thousand guises to man in Africa—but so to the man who longs and desires his coming.

He laughed noisily, frightening the parrots in the trees overhead.

I seem to have the knack of health," he told himself. "Nothing affects me most men would have been stretched out during this morning."

It was true. He was strong, and so far his cousin had never failed him. But that, that scourge of the coast, affected him very rarely. He had lived so temperately, abusing neither alcohol nor drugs. . . . short of battle or murder or sudden death—there was no way out for him yet through that little gate that leads into eternity.

Perhaps he ought to send Olive back to England. Things might adjust themselves automatically if he did. Then her health made mistake, but they were both too strong to let that one mistake ruin the whole of life. . . . In England, happiness might come to Olive in spite of everything—once she was freed from the torment of his presence.

Then like a cold douche on his thoughts came the remembrance of the letter from Gomez and the cable from the new owner of Narakota.

It was in no position to make plans. He was not in a position to afford to send his wife back to England. Already he was out of a job, and must be glad to take the first post that he was fortunate to pick up in one of the trading stations on the coast.

And with the blow of this thought Dick's courage failed him for a moment. He bowed his head on his hands as he sat there under the trees. Fate was too much for him. Fate that had taken away love and hope at one blow.

What lay before the three of them out here? If he failed to get work, what would become of Olive and of Rupert, since he had a responsibility toward them?

He had a vision of Africa—not the Africa of which he had written to Olive about, full of strange charm—but a blood-stained Africa like a great beast of prey, crouching in wait for its victim for its hearts and souls of men.

His thoughts snapped suddenly. A cry had come to him, winnowed by distance to some thing thin and unearthly, the cry of a woman's voice calling him back to his life.

There will be another fine instalment on Monday.



Perfect Hands.

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OF THIS PAPER.

POND'S Vanishing Cream is the surest protection against biting winds, cold rain, frost or fog, and the wear-and-tear of domestic duties.

Apply POND'S Vanishing Cream night and morning and just before going out. It will keep your skin as soft, fresh, and comfortable as ROSE SHAGS IS REQUIRED. Free from grease, stain or stickiness. Deliciously perfumed with the fragrance of Jasmin de Indes.

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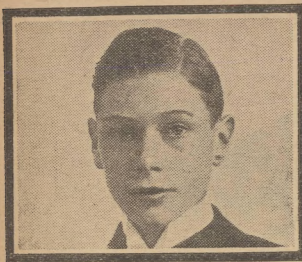
SITUATIONS VACANT.

Rate, 2s. 6d. per line; minimum, 2 lines. COOK-GENERAL Wanted; very comfortable home, good wages and liberal outgoings; (a) paid; good references (a) comfortable home—Write or call 4. HAZARD Park, Peckham, London, S.E.

WOMAN (Woman) Wanted at the Church of St. Mary Head-quarters; must be Church of England communicant and abstainer. Please write, stating salary required and send to, 2, P. 55, Bryanston-sq., W.

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS, ETC.

Rate, 2s. 6d. per line; minimum, 2 lines. CROMPHON—Model Drawing-room Cabinet; very perfect tone; with selection of celebrated records; accept 15.15s. applied with pleasure—15, Upper Rochester-st., Hyde Park, London.



Princes Albert.

"Roly-Poly Pudding."

I'm told that when the Prince of Wales, Prince Albert, or indeed any of the Royal children go over to Marlborough House to lunch with Queen Alexandra there is a standing order that one of the suet puddings known in common parlance as "roly-poly" shall be served. The Prince of Wales has a special partiality for this pudding, and when he was over from the front last week and lunched with his grandmother it was, as usual, produced, much to his delight.

In Town.

The Duchess of Newcastle is in town again. I saw her yesterday looking well in a black and white check costume and a black hat. The Duchess is very interested in the thrift campaign which is being engineered by the Earl of Meath, and which really does not mean that one has to have margarine instead of butter on one's bread.

Rival Attractions.

To-morrow is going to be a busy day for me. I want to hear Lady Maud Warrender sing, as only she can, and Miss Ellen Terry, of the mellow voice, speak. My trouble is this, the concert at which Lady Maud is singing is to take place in the afternoon at Lady Ian Hamilton's fine house in Hyde Park Gardens, but Miss Ellen Terry speaks at His Majesty's Theatre—in the afternoon, too. Imagine me, therefore, rushing to and from Hyde Park Gardens and the Haymarket.

A Primrose Party.

To-morrow evening I hope to finish up a busy day at a little party which charming Miss Peggy Primrose is giving to her friends at the Savoy. The personal success made by Miss Primrose in "More" at the Ambassadors Theatre has been one of the most striking features of the theatrical season. We shall hear of Miss Primrose shortly in a very ambitious production.

Phrynette's Pearl.

I met Lady Constance Malleston yesterday, who is playing Phrynette in "L'Enfant Prodigé" at the Kingsway, and was told that the pearls which the Wicked Baron gives her in the play are not of the stage kind, but real and her own. I forgot to ask whether they were one of the family heirlooms.

Goddess with 8,000 Scent-Bottles.

When I was in Rumania I heard two interesting things about Queen Marie, who at that time was Crown Princess. In the first place she is head of the Society of Goddesses of Rumania. Each goddess acts as fairy god-mother to at least one poor child. The second is that the Queen has a passion for scent-bottles, and has a collection of more than 8,000.

Queen Who Likes London.

Nobody will be more pleased at the better relations between Rumania and ourselves than Queen Marie of Rumania. As a daughter of the late Duke of Edinburgh and a favourite niece of King Edward, it is only natural that she should be pro-English. Apart from this, she is always keen on London life, and has heaps of friends among "commoners" here.

Pampering Theatre-Goers.

Mr. Walter Knight, of the Kingsway Theatre, says he will send home in a motor-car all patrons of "L'Enfant Prodigé" who buy four stalls. Only yesterday Mr. Bernard Shaw was suggesting (satirically) the Government should pay sixpence to everybody who goes to the theatres. Who, I wonder, will be the first manager to provide us with a free dinner before the performance?

Why Not?

"Why hasn't somebody thought of white boots for the dark streets?" a well-known actress asked me yesterday. "Everybody looks down as they pick their way, and white boots would save many nasty collisions."

TO-DAY'S GOSSIP

A Labour Sportsman.

Mr. Wardle, the new chairman of the Labour Executive, and a railwaymen's M.P. for Stockport, is a jolly little round man, a fair cricketer and billiard player, and a good speaker with two little peculiarities. One is that he waggles his forefinger all the time he is speaking, and the other is that he packs more "I venture to say" into a speech than anyone else I know.

An Accident.

I am sorry to hear that Miss Kathleen Wilmot met with a nasty accident at Hawthorn Hill races yesterday. She was galloping down to watch one of the starts, when her mount stumbled, and in falling she sustained a fractured leg.

"Over the Sticks."

Like her sister, Miss Norah Wilmot, Miss Kathleen is a brilliant horsewoman, and both help their father, Sir Robert Wilmot, in the training of his little string of jumpers. At Windsor last week the two sisters had a fine gallop "over the sticks," and, as a friend put it, "it beat all the racing."

To Film-Struck Girls.

Miss Theda Bara, the Vampire of the William Fox productions company, has just issued a warning to girls who think that if they appear in a film they are "made." She says there is always the possibility that the embryonic photo-player may acquire the greatest of laurels in her first photo-play engagement. There is that possibility, but it is a very small one, and it is a life full of hard work.

Lion Skin Kimono.

Recently Miss Bara received a letter from a Texas admirer, who promised to slay a mountain lion and send the skin to her to be made into a kimono. "I have never heard



Miss Theda Bara.

of a kimono made of a lion's skin," wrote the admirer, "but I imagine such a garment would be very useful. You can wear the kimono about the house." I wonder if we shall see her in a movie wearing that garment.

Waiting for Strauss.

I hear from a neutral friend that Richard Strauss has nearly completed the "March of Victory" which the Kaiser ordered him to compose eighteen months ago. Strauss is not a quick worker, and his completed product, like most German goods, is usually a painstaking elaboration of someone else's good work. A notable example is "Salome," which is obviously inspired by Audran's "La Mascotte." I wonder where he will steal his material for his "March of Victory."

The Last Straws.

Someone has sent me this:—The Kaiser has ordered Richard Strauss to write a new national hymn. Drowning men always clutch at straws. That punster would want a lot of last straws if I got him near the edge of a deep, deep river!

A Sandhurst Cadet's Embarrassment.

The recent Army Order drawing attention to the slackness of soldiers in saluting officers in the streets has had its effect, judging by the experience of a young friend of mine from Sandhurst. In the course of a walk down Regent-street the poor boy was continually embarrassed by having to return the salute of men who mistook his uniform for that of a full-fledged officer.

Booking and Boxing.

To judge from the rush for seats, the Golder's Green Hippodrome will not be able to hold a tenth of the people who are anxious to see the great boxing championships decided on Monday week between Wells and Smith and O'Keefe and Sullivan. The booking at Golder's Green has been simply astounding.

Booking from the Trenches.

One of the most remarkable features of the general interest in the greatest boxing programme this country has seen since the war is the number of letters received from the front. They are from men who have been promised leave, and who are naturally eager to secure seats for the contests. But why doesn't Sergeant Dick Burge open a booking office in the trenches?

A New Tune.

The latest musical (or should it be musical?) novelty is, I am told, shortly to be imported from America. A Professor Dore plays tunes with his fingers on raw limes, something after the manner of musical glasses.

Can't Make Enough.

"My trouble is," the manager of a gramophone record company tells me, "that the demand is so great that I can't get enough discs from the manufacturers."

"Tommy" at Waterloo.

I noticed at Waterloo Station the other day how fond "Tommy" is of having his boots cleaned. Certainly I can understand it in the case of the mud-cased trench return! There were a lot about when I was there—many wearing those aluminium rings made from shell parts.

The Place for Bagpipes.

The most stirring episode, however, was the arrival of the bagpipes. Have you ever heard them in a railway station? It was fine—even the shriek of an engine could not prevail.



Miss Joan Poynder.

At Grosvenor House.

Young and pretty society girls will sell programmes at the concert given for the British Women's Hospital on Tuesday afternoon, February 15, at Grosvenor House, which the Duke of Westminster has kindly lent. Their names are Miss Bettine Stuart-Wortley, Miss Violet Warrender, Miss Elizabeth Asquith, Miss Joan Poynder. Everybody who is anybody is going to be there, for Lady Churston, who rarely makes a public appearance, is on the programme, and I have heard rumours that Lady Forbes-Robertson herself may, be seen and heard in something interesting. What, has not yet been disclosed.

An Akaroa Amazon.

Hats off to a New Zealand girl, Miss Bain, of Akaroa. She has dissipated the notion that women are frightened of cows and shy of fence climbing, and incidentally the Red Cross Fund is £26 the richer for the deed. And also she took the starch out of Akaroa's famous fence breaking heifer.

Some Fence Jumping.

This animal at the early age of six months was the despair of its owner, who declared that anyone who would drive it to market, single-handed and without the aid of a dog, might have it. Miss Bain tackled the job—a three mile drive. Six times the animal jumped the roadside fence, and six times was made to jump back again.

THE RAMBLER.

Tastes Vary

but India grows
a variety of teas
suited to every taste
Ask your Grocer for

**Pure
Indian Tea**



A LONDON GIRL THE WONDERFUL STORY OF MODERN BABYLON.

"I have lately been reading a story which interested and impressed me very much indeed. All you men ought to read it. It was called 'A London Girl.' The picture painted in it made a great impression on me, because I know from my own experience in rescue and preventive work that the story is literally true. It is the story of the downfall of hundreds of our girls in London to-day. The pitiful tale is not overdone; it is all too true."

—THE BISHOP OF LONDON.

FOREWORD.

SOME years ago I wrote a book which was inspired by two feelings—pity and anger. I did not sign my name to this book.

It had scarcely been out for a few weeks before letters were addressed to its anonymous author from all parts of the country—strange letters, many of them, some telling stories of suffering and cruelty almost inconceivable. Then the Bishop of London spoke about it in a public address, others preached about it, and the book was a success. That is to say, it was bought in great numbers.

All this is ten years ago. What has happened since? Has anything been done to end the suffering which inspired the pity of that book? Has any change taken place in the public mind, promising an amendment of the indifference which inspired its anger? I cannot deceive myself. That book touched the hearts of a few kind people; in the mercy of Heaven, it may have been the humble means of preventing a little sorrow and a little ruin; but the tide of misery still sweeps on, thousands are still drowning in those muddy waters, and on the banks of respectable safety, how much coldness, how much indifference, how much self-satisfied scorn!

It is in the hope that the force within this little book, which ten years ago reached a few, may in these searching times still have virtue to reach many more, that I now set my name to it, and take advantage of the columns of a great popular newspaper with a wide circulation among respectable and honest people. For if numbers of people could know the truth about the subject of this story, that is to say, if numbers of people among the good and self-respecting, could look at evil from the point of view of its victims, then something might be done towards the creation of that greater and deeper sympathy which alone can end this most calamitous tragedy of social life.

To know all, it is said, is to forgive all. And, of a truth, without deep and true knowledge there can be no sympathy.

May I ask the reader, before he follows this story of "A London Girl," to consider for a moment the appalling loss to civilisation in the ruin which this book attempts to describe! The casualties of war are as nothing compared with these casualties of our homes. Hundreds of thousands of girls who were once perfectly innocent children, who

were once as responsive to maternal love as the purest and sweetest babe now at this moment making a heaven of some man's home, hundreds of thousands of such children are now at this moment living as the girl lived whose story is told in these pages.

Think what they might have been!

Instead . . . ! The very waste of it is enough to break your heart. What must we think of the British civilisation which produces every year an enormous host of women like the girl in this tale, and which scarcely lifts a finger to save them for the good and honour of the State? What must we think of this British civilisation—that is to say, what must we think of ourselves?

The war has taught us much, and will teach us yet more. When night clubs were discovered to be the rendezvous of soldiers, public opinion, led by bishops and clergy, closed the doors of a great number and reformed to a considerable degree the rest of them. But why was there no public opinion before the war? Why cry out only for the sake of a few foolish young soldiers? Why was there no cry for the sake of the girls?

Will you say why? There was no cry for these poor perishing girls because there is no sympathy for them. We read almost with tears, certainly with profound emotion, of the woman at the well, and of the woman to whom Christ said the immortal words, "Neither do I condemn thee"; but for the poor painted girl, walking the bitter streets of our own modern cities, we have only horror and contempt.

A little sympathy, believe me, would make all the difference. And if all mothers were good and wise, there would be no such waste, no such scandal, no such suffering.

These are the outcasts of British civilisation. These are our British pariahs. Instead of turning from them with anger, let us look more closely into their hearts and send "they suffer"—these poor girls who were once innocent children.

Then, perhaps, we shall stretch out our hands to help them, and, looking about us, be able to exclaim, "Where are now thine accusers?"

Harold Brydie

CHAPTER I.

SHE leaned over the bar smiling at the jests of two young men, with tumblers at their lips and cigarettes smouldering between their fingers.

It was early in the afternoon, and the place was almost forsaken. Two other barmaids were seated on stools, gossiping, with cloths idle in their hands. At the door a waiter, in short alpaca coat and white apron, stood with hands behind his back, staring through the glass into the vestibule, where a commissionaire was studying the betting news in an evening newspaper. At one of the little marble-topped tables which faced the bar, and ran from one end of the restaurant to the other, an elderly woman sat staring with lobster eyes over her glass of Benedictine. A few jets of gas shone yellowly from the dusky ceiling. The only sound in the long, shabby Gothic place was the whispered gossiping of the two barmaids and the voices of the young men drinking at the bar.

The barmaid who listened to these boys, with her arms on the bar, her chin resting lightly on a decanter of wine, and her face shining mischievously between two stunted palms, was the latest attraction of the place, the latest prima donna of London barmaids.

With certain natures, to see this girl was to love her. She had all those qualities which to the weary population of wine-bars are almost irresistible. She was supremely free from seriousness. Her beauty drew its charm from this spiritual wantonness. There was a gaiety in her brown eyes, a transparent openness in her glowing brow, a levity in the carmine ripple of her lips. And she was young. The skin was still soft, and wonderfully seductive with its waxy bloom and its warm colouring. The face was still like the brown hair still had its gleam of gold light, and the form was yet supple and gracious in its lines. But through all these charms, giving them fascination which was not theirs, shone the fire of the girl's spirit. She was innocent of every restraint.

She enjoyed life sprightly, daringly and glowingly. The most serious was as dead in her as it was dead in the violet which lifted perfume to her face from the curve of her bosom. She shone in the bar like a kindled lamp. Her body was alive with the gladness of youth. If her life was set to a tune it was the gayest of Spanish cachuchas, or even the rippling, sparkling, high-hearted rattle of a sailor's hornpipe. Her soul might be said to twinkle through her body like the feet of many dancers. Nature had brought her into the world with an antipathy for quiet thinking and steady living. She enjoyed the careless talk of the two young men, who laughed with her at their escapades, and chaffed them with greater daring than theirs. They interested her, these young fellows, with plenty of money in their pockets and the blood of youth hot in their veins.

One of them, whom she called Flick,

would sometimes lay his hand upon hers, and tell her that she, and she alone, was his love. She laughed at this, and he laughed, too. They were merry, and full of a joking fellowship. But she wanted more people in the bar, more life surrounding her; she looked often at the clock over the door. Nothing could depress her, but she was always impatient of a small audience.

A man entered at the far end of the bar, and approached the counter. She turned her head from the decanters, and looked at him over her shoulder. Her eyes rested upon him, and then she made haste, and went to him, walking prettily with her head in the air.

He was a type of man seldom seen in these places, strong and masculine, with steady eyes, a serenity of countenance, and a remarkable dignity of carriage. The girl seemed to have a pleasure in this contradiction of herself. He opened a new window for her on life, and presented a fresh aspect of pleasure to her eyes.

He looked at her before him smiling. The tall, clean-shaven, olive-skinned man appeared to be surprised by her beauty, but gave no answer to her smile. He asked rather brusquely for a cup of coffee, and turned away to take a match for his cigarettes. He turned to look at her as she filled a cup from the urn on the counter, and with her hand on the tap she looked up suddenly and encountered her grave eyes.

"Well?" she asked, striking the match. "Is that all?" she pouted.

"What would you have me say?" There was no change in the gravity of his countenance.

"Something interesting," she answered, passing him the cup. "I'm sure you say interesting things. Think of that now!" She rested her arms on the counter and looked at him with his piercing eyes, gravely conscious of their peril. The longer she looked the more she became enamoured of him. A barmaid knows much of the pleasure of "sudden friendships"; but in this case it was something more than this. The beautiful wayward girl was hypnotised by the powerful personality of the stranger. He cast a spell upon her which she did not attempt to resist.

"Well, I will tell you something that interests me," he said. "I have not been here for fifteen years. This is my first visit since I moved to a place that I once knew." He shrugged his shoulders—"fairly well. I have lunched here to-day almost alone, in a great gloomy chamber that was once crowded with people; and now I have come into the bar to drink my coffee, and I find this place, too, once so packed with men and women, almost deserted. What has happened to it?"

She looked at him with shining eyes and listened to him with eager ears. It was a new type to her. She was half-veiled that her eyes appeared to have no peril for him, but she was glad to find herself carried away by complete admiration. At was delicious to feel in love with a man, with such

a man. She made "wicked lightnings" of her eyes and leaned towards him.

"It will cheer up soon," she replied. "The pretty things will fill up those tables, and the naughty things will crowd to the bar; and then the lights will go up, the glasses will jingle, and we shall go pop-bang till midnight. Was that how it went with you—how many years ago did you say?"

"Something like that," he said. "But I was never one of the fixtures."

"Were you very good?" she asked.

"Not very good."

"Were you downright naughty?"

"No, not downright naughty," he replied.

"Why weren't you?" she demanded.

"Why?" He looked at her with the shadow of displeasure on his face.

"Because you're so handsome," she answered.

"You must have wanted to enjoy yourself. And now," she hastened on with the words, "you aren't old, and you look so nice, I'm sure you can't be really good—not stupidly good, I mean."

He pushed his cup away and came nearer to her.

"Is it stupid to be good?" he asked, with a note of rebuke in his voice. Then he said to her, with quiet earnestness, "Don't you think, when you look at the old men and the old women in this place, that it is stupid to be good?"

He half turned to the elderly woman sitting patiently over her Benedictine.

"Tell me about yourself," he said quickly.

"Do you like being here?"

"The merriest came back into her eyes, and she leaned closer to him. The young man she had called Flick nudged his companion at the other end of the bar, and nodded towards her with a wink.

"Do you want to know about me?" she asked.

"Yes," he answered; "you interest me."

She looked into his eyes until he turned away.

"You interest me a lot," she said. "You tease me. I want to know about you—don't you see? You're unusual."

"You know I'm married already; I know nothing of you," he replied. "Tell me, do you like this life?"

He looked at her as a doctor looks at a patient.

"Yes, I like it," she answered, taking her arms from the bar and standing upright.

"Sometimes I like it very much. Sometimes, when I've had three or four glasses of champagne I feel it's the most adorable life a girl can live."

She leaned suddenly forward and put her hand on his. "Don't you think it is a nice life for a pretty girl?" she asked.

He withdrew his hand. "I think there must be drawbacks," he said, "and dangers for a pretty girl."

She saw him look at the clock, and she leaned forward again. "I dislike it for the standing," she said. "If I could sit down all day I should love it. I don't sit yet."

She spoke eagerly.

"You get tired?" he asked, taking up his gloves.

"No, not that. But standing spoils the shape of your feet. I don't want my feet to

be spoiled. I've got the prettiest feet in the world. Look!"

She stooped down, rested her foot on a case of mineral waters, and drew her dress above the ankle. Then she looked up at him, flushed and laughing. His eyes were fixed upon hers.

"Didn't you look," she asked reproachfully.

He shook his head. The young men craned their necks over the counter and watched with laughter in their eyes. The elderly woman sat patiently over her Benedictine.

"Men beg me to do that, and often and often I won't; but I showed you without being asked, and you never looked!"

She was vexed, but she was more attracted than ever.

"What do they call you?" he asked.

"Baby," she answered, going to him again. He repressed a shudder.

"You deserve something more original," he said.

"Don't go!" she whispered, as he half turned away.

"But I must."

"Don't, don't!" she pleaded. "I want to ask you something. Stay a minute longer—only a minute."

She felt that joy would be darkened with his departure.

"Well?" he asked.

"Come closer," she said, "and let me whisper it. Bend your ear nearer, nearer!"

"No," he said, a little coldly.

"You are very unkind."

"I am many years older than you," he said, half smiling at her, but still stern.

"Oh, delightful man," she said, putting a hand upon his arm, "I believe you could be kind."

"What do you want to ask me?"

Again the look of a critical physician appeared in the man's level eyes.

"I want you to take me out—to dinner, to a theatre. Will you?"

"I'm afraid that is impossible."

"Why?"

He shrugged his shoulders.

"It is really impossible."

Her lips hardened, but her eyes half filled with tears, and she turned away.

"Good-bye," he said, and when she looked round he was passing through the door.

The elderly woman, with her fingers round the stem of her liqueur glass, smiled at Baby.

"Goody-goody," she said, in a weary voice.

"I believe he's in love with you, Mrs. Richards!" answered Baby, smiling again, and she returned to the young men.

The battle of life in the great city is stern and relentless. How does Baby fare in it? What are her joys and what her sorrows? Is she good or bad? And the end?

The whole of Baby's career is revealed in long instalments of this enthralling story in "Lloyd's News" beginning to-morrow, February 13. Order your "Lloyd's News" NOW.

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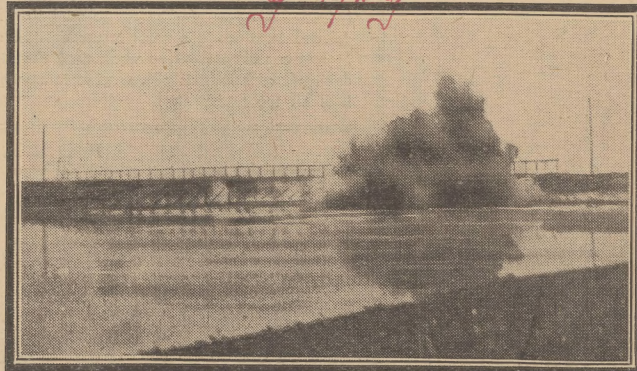
PAGES of Wonderful Photographs in Tomorrow's "Sunday Pictorial."

THE BULGARS GET A TASTE OF SEA POWER: RAILWAY BRIDGE BLOWN UP.



Landing party from a British warship fixing the charges.

Before the war the Bulgars probably only had a vague sort of idea what the British Navy meant. Now they are realising something of its might by, for instance, the bombard-



A moment later there was a big gap in the bridge.



Another photograph, showing the smoke of the explosion.

ment of Dedegatch and the blowing up of this railway bridge. At the same time a warship shelled the line with deadly effect.

THE FOLLIES VISIT A HOSPITAL.



The Follies in a ward of a Wandsworth military hospital. Seated on the left is Lady Haig, wife of Sir Douglas Haig.

NEWS PORTRAITS.



Mr. Garrison, the United States War Minister, whose resignation has caused a sensation.



Miss Straker, who will appear at a war matinee at the Coliseum next month.

WELL-KNOWN HORSEWOMAN INJURED.



Miss Kathleen Wilmot (on horseback), daughter of Sir Robert Wilmot, who met with an accident at Hawthorn Hill races.